

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1992 • \$5.50

**BUNNY
WANNA-BE
SANDRA
BERNHARD
STARKERS**

**“Now
you
tell me
the
clubs
are
closed!”**

**SPECIAL 30TH
ANNIVERSARY
INTERVIEW:
BETTY FRIEDAN**

**REAL MEN
DON'T BOND
BY BRUCE
FEIRSTEIN**

**FLIGHT
ATTENDANTS:
A FASTEN-YOUR-
SEAT-BELTS
PICTORIAL**

**DENNIS MILLER
MOUTHS OFF**

**GOTTI'S FALL:
THE END OF
THE MOB?**

**PRO FOOTBALL
FORECAST**



REAL MEN DON'T BOND

they don't whine,
brag or cheat. in short,
they hated the eighties,
and they still don't
eat quiche

TEN YEARS AGO,
it was easy to think that you
were a Real Man.

You raided corporations
with junk bonds, you stripped
'em down, broke 'em up,
spun 'em off and dumped the
first wife for a 26-year-old
blonde with an M.B.A.

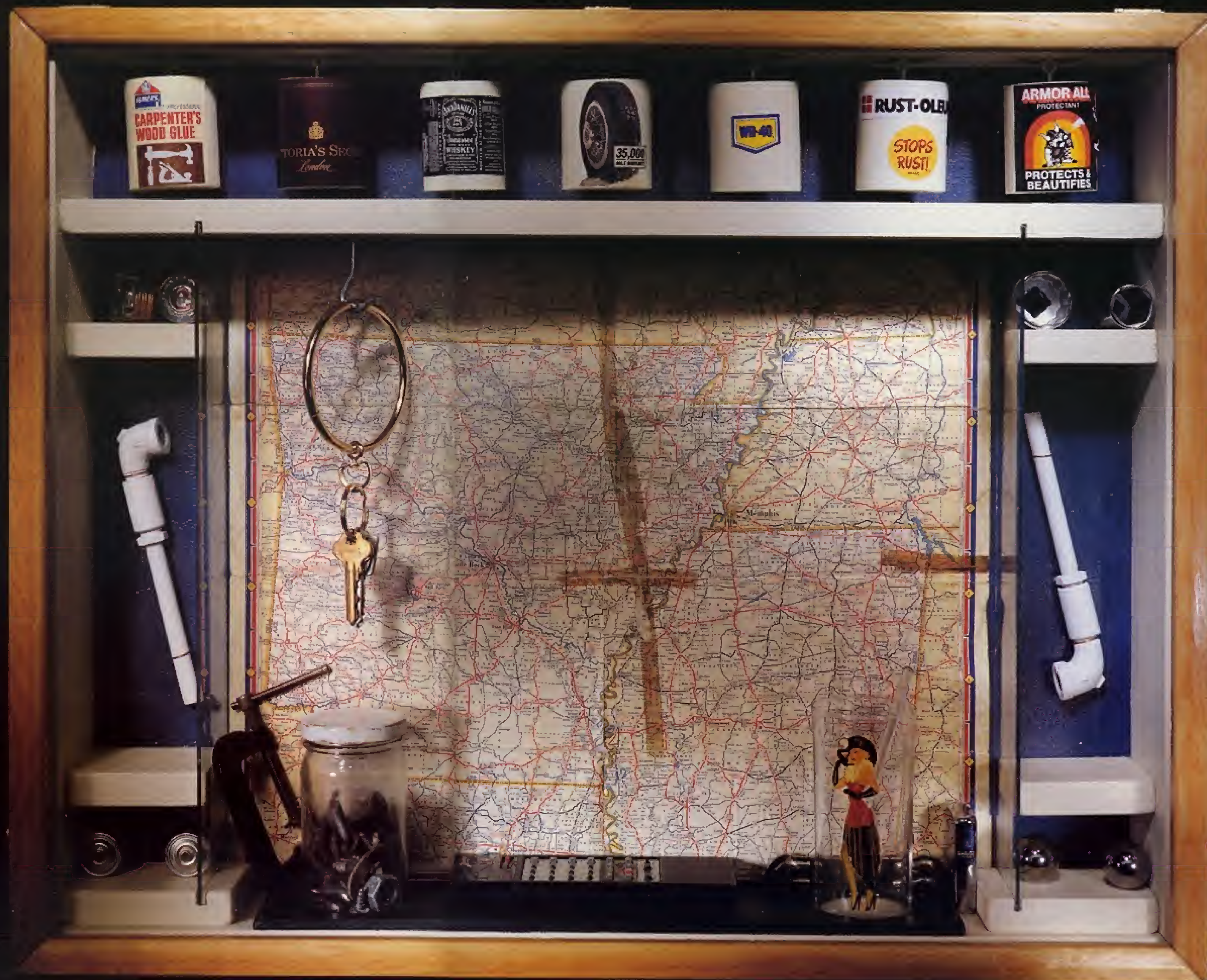
You ate power breakfasts
with powerful people and
penciled in power lunches
with power brokers.

You carried a platinum
American Express card but
put the charges on Optima.

You identified closely with a
certain novel about life under
the bright lights of the big
city that was narrated by,
yes, you.

You didn't marry, you
merged. If you were single,
you pursued and slept with

article by
BRUCE FEIRSTEIN



REAL MEN

Arnold Schwarzenegger	Raul Julia
Joe Don Baker	Joe Mantegna
Stephen Hawking	Barbara Bush
James Earl Jones	Hume Cronyn
Nick Nolte	Jack Palance
Harrison Ford	Mel Gibson
Brian Dennehy	Vaclav Havel
Ruben Blades	Damon Wayans
Bob Woodward	Edward James Olmos
Danny Glover	Ray Charles
Armand Assante	Larry Kramer
Gene Hackman	Wesley Snipes
Scott Glenn	Kathleen Turner

Denzel Washington
Robert Mitchum
Don Ameche
Dennis Farina
Howard Rollins
Colin Powell
Richard Pryor
Tom Seaver
Bonnie Raitt
Harry Morgan
Morgan Freeman
Nolan Ryan
Claude Akins

GUYS WHO THINK THEY'RE REAL MEN BUT DEFINITELY AREN'T

Norman Mailer
Andrew Dice Clay

Oliver Stone
Daryl Gates

Axl Rose
Marilyn Quayle

everything in sight.

You wore power suits, power ties, power shoes, power socks and did your insider trading at a bank in the Cayman Islands.

You thought you were a Real Man.

You were wrong.

Yes, the world is a different place today. The problem isn't just wimps or quiche-eaters. The problem is that we have become a nation of whiners. A nation of professional victims. Guys in suits on Rollerblades. Special-interest groups that won't let you change a light bulb without filing an environ-

mental-impact statement first.

So what is it, then, that defines the Real Man today?

What separates him from the people who produce *A Current Affair* and future Supreme Court nominees who hang around the watercooler discussing Long Dong Silver?

Real Men don't have phone sex.

Real Men don't need spin control.

A Real Man has always had a moral compass that points to true north. He understands that it's not how many corporations you gut or how much ink you get. In the end, a man is judged by his deeds.

Donald Trump—by any criterion—is not a Real Man.

Jimmy Carter turned out to be a Real Man, while Jerry "What time do we tee off?" Ford did not.

John Sununu tried hard to be a Real Man. Too hard.

Real Men are not members of the Hair Club for Men.

They don't join the Players Club with Telly Savalas.

Real Men don't talk about their lifestyles. They don't get chronic-fatigue syndrome. They don't believe in the healing power of crystals.

For Real Men, the working definition of dysfunctional is New York City.

And co-dependent is

two guys carrying an I-beam.

Real Men don't brag about the number of women they've slept with, the number of people they've laid off or the number of times they've played golf with Dan Quayle.

Real Men are not hooked on phonics. They don't watch infomercials and they don't badger their friends, neighbors and co-workers to become Nu Soft distributors.

Real men are not running through the forest chanting to get in touch with their masculinity.

Real Men have their houses insulated to R-19 and their TV sets tuned to CNN.

Real Men don't own the Abdomenizer, Thigh Master or \$400 fruit juicers. (Real Men crush oranges with a sledgehammer.)

Real Men compost. They work on the line. They don't have a fall-color palette. For Real Men, the primary colors are battleship gray, camouflage and anything that comes in a can marked Rust-oleum.

WHINERS, INK JUNKIES AND THINGS REAL MEN FIND TOO EMBARRASSING TO TALK ABOUT IN POLITE COMPANY

Donald Trump
Gary Hart
Jesse Helms
Marion Barry
Jeff Koons
Kitty Kelley
Jerry Falwell
Julia Phillips
Michael Jackson
Steinbrenner
Geraldo
Connie Chung
Maury Povich
and

Hands Across America
1984-1989

NFL Football in August

Wilt Chamberlain's sex life

Tommy Lasorda's weight
problem

Simi Valley jurors

Arizona's refusal to celebrate

Martin Luther King's birthday
House of Representatives



"Let's get this straight, Thatcher. Here at Marley, Low & Warren, we have no intention of getting in touch with our inner child."

Real Men don't spend \$28 on designer T-shirts and they don't buy \$200 sneakers. Real Men know the answer to the question "Is it the shoes, is it the shoes?" Yes, it's the shoes they're push-

their genitals with them.

Real Men, you see, have a sense of propriety. And perspective.

Real Men in the media (yes, it's hard to believe, but there are some) don't act as prosecutor, judge and jury. They don't ask questions about a candidate's sex life. They don't pay the alleged "other woman" to spill the beans.

Real Men have no use for any presidential candidate who masquerades as a choirboy. But at the same time, they're none too thrilled by reporters who ask questions like "Did you have a three-some?" and "Did he use a condom?" under the guise of "the public's right to know."

(Real Men—and Real Reporters—understand the difference between dirty linen and, say, nuclear Armageddon. Besides, do we really want

to elect somebody who wasn't even the least bit curious about marijuana in the Sixties? Real men, obviously, inhale.)

Real Men don't waste years of their lives playing make-believe baseball in Rotisserie leagues.

They don't watch *American Gladiators*.

They don't spend more for a car than their parents spent on the house they grew up in.

Real Men—at 40—don't blame their current problems on the fact that their fathers didn't take them to Dodgers games when they were 12.

Real Men—at 40—aren't single.

Real Men don't care who killed Laura Palmer.

Real Men don't earn their living off the misfortunes of the Kennedys or Marilyn Monroe. They were not amused by Clarence Thomas posing with the Bible in *People* magazine. They are not fascinated by the latest epic events in the press-release lives of Cher, Don Johnson or Michael Jackson.

And Real Men are bewildered that some parents need to schedule

FOUR THINGS FOUND IN EVERY REAL MAN'S HOUSE

1. caulk
2. snow tires
3. a coffee can filled with loose screws
4. Victoria's Secret catalog

You'll also find a fire extinguisher, paint thinner, Jack Daniel's, WD-40 and Armor All. Especially Armor All. Real Men use it on everything: wives, kids, even lawn furniture.

quality time with their children.

Finally, Real Men have absolutely no sympathy for John Gutfreund, Clark Clifford, Charles Keating, Dennis Levine, Ivan Boesky or Mike Milken.

Especially Milken. He admitted he was guilty. Real Men don't plea-bargain and then hire Alan Dershowitz to whine about it.

What else?

Real Men are not afraid of Islamic jihads. Real Men are not writing screenplays. And as we all know, the only time Real Men chant is at third-down-and-short yardage.

60 SECONDS TO A MORE
MANLY VOCABULARY

Real Men speak in clear, concise sentences. As in "Pull it over," "Drop the



"Your primal mother is talking to you."

ing that kids are killing one another for.

Real Men don't buy Calvin Klein jeans and they wish someone would let dear Calvin in on the fact that Real Men wear their jeans—they don't wipe

REAL WOMEN

Real Women are not congenitally late. Real Women will initiate things in the bedroom at least 50 percent of the time.

Real Women don't secretly record your phone calls.

And then sell them to the *Star*. And then take cash to talk about it on *A Current Affair*.

But on the other hand, a Real Woman would have booted Gary Hart's ass out of the house, pronto.

Real Women are smart enough to make friends with your family and friends—if only out of self-protection. (They know these are the first people you'll turn to for advice in the event of a major fight, and they want them on their sides.)

Real Women will go to your insanely boring six-hour business dinners—and charm the tie/pearls off your boss—but only if you're willing to do the same at their insanely boring six-hour business dinners.

Real Women are still pissed off that the accolades "tough" and "no-nonsense" translate to "bitch" when applied to females.

A Real Woman would laugh at the absurd idea of "needing to get in touch with her femininity."

And as we all know, in their previous lives, all Real Women were once Real Men.



"The final message seems to be—'Hey, no problem. Nothing's written in stone.'"

gun" and "Watch it—my friend has a video camera and is recording everything." With this in mind:

Real Men never begin a question with the phrase "Did there come a time. . .?"

Real Men do not say "Thank you for sharing."

Real Men understand that anyone who boasts (usually after an insult) "I'm telling the truth," never is.

And Real Men don't "vet" anything, unless it walks on four legs.

Among Real Men:

"Boomers" are nuclear submarines.

"Outing" is an activity that involves sleeping bags and a Coleman lantern.

"Networking" is the act of switching from CBS to NBC.

And "empowerment" is something you do with an orange extension cord.

Real Men don't use the terms "adult child," "inner child," "infotainment" or "shopaholic."

Real Men have learned that anything referred to as "the cutting edge," usually isn't.

And "dude" does not appear in the Real Man's linguistic pantheon, unless it's followed immediately by "ranch."

Real Men do not "dissemble," "obfuscate" or "deconstruct." (And for those academics among us who earn their salaries "deconstructing literature"—ignoring what someone actually wrote and postulating what they meant to write—let's deconstruct the word deconstruct: "To rip down, destroy or demolish." Which may explain why Real Men teach biology.)

Real Men never say "Let's cut to the chase."

Or "How special."

Or "What's the bottom line?"

Nor do they say "It's hip," "It's hot," "It's trendy," "It's happening" or any combination of the above. (Real Men are on the next jet out when somebody says, "Let's cut to the bottom line here. Is it hip, hot, trendy and happening?")

And perhaps most important, Real Men do not litter their conversations with the word thing, as in:

"That wimp thing."

"That domestic thing."

And especially, "How the hell am I going to win this election thing?"

THE REAL MAN AND TELEVISION

For men, what is the single most important invention of the 20th Century?

Minoxidil? Exit ramps? A pair of Merc 420-horsepower outboards?

No. Remote control.

Because with the advent of remote control, the last great sport of the 20th Century was invented:

Video surfing: the fine and practiced art of spending hours in front of the television set, skipping from channel to

GUYS WHO TRY TOO HARD

Steven Seagal

Ann Richards

GUYS WHO TRY HARD BUT JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE HANG OF IT

Sam Donaldson

GUYS WHO JUST DON'T HAVE A CLUE

Mickey Rourke

Senate Judiciary Committee

GUYS WHO ARE PROBABLY REAL MEN—WE'RE STILL NOT SURE

Dick Cheney

Camille Paglia

channel, watching 63 shows at once, never having to witness a single commercial or miss out on the all-important 56th-minute climax when Jack Lord gets his man.

Yes, thanks to the miracle of video surfing, Real Men were able to avoid large chunks of *thirtysomething* at will. (And let's be truthful here: Real Men did not "share an aching communal sense of loss" when *thirtysomething* got axed. First, because Real Men require capital letters. And second, because Real Men felt that what Michael—Mr. Angst—really needed was somebody to give him a good smack in the mouth and to say "Snap out of it, pal.")

With video surfing, you don't have to miss a second of the riveting action on *The Bassmasters*.

Or a moment of Vince McMahon and any of his World Wrestling Federation's "Steel-Cage Tag-Team Death Matches." And while it's true that Real Men see these bouts as a grand metaphor in opposition to the stifling rituals of postindustrial society, vis-à-vis men and their relationship to corporate culture in a society that has chosen to ignore its rich and nurturing heritage of mythopoetic traditions—go ahead, read it again—the real reason we love wrestling is the locker-room interviews. Example: "Well, Vince, I just want my fans to know that if I should lose to Dr. Death at the Hartford Civic Arena on January fifth—tickets fifteen, twenty and twenty-five dollars, available through Ticketron, with plenty of good seats still available—I promise that at our long-awaited rematch on January eighteenth at the Philadelphia Spectrum—tickets fifteen, twenty and twenty-five dollars, available at the box office or through TicketMaster—I will kill him."

With video surfing, Real Men can catch all the Real Men on television: Barry Corbin, Richard Dysart, Tim

Matheson, Ken Wahl, Corbin Bernsen, Larry King and *Rat Patrol*—and not only all at the same time but with the added benefit of driving unwanted in-laws, process servers, spouses and even hyperactive children right out of the room.

You can spend months without hearing a single celebrity say "Sure, I'm rich, I'm famous, I date beautiful women. But nobody knows the real me." Or being subjected to interviews that begin "Since I got out of the Betty Ford Clinic. . . ." And never once do you have to hear the words "I took this role because it was a stretch."

But wait—as they say on the late-night commercials—there's more:

You can surf from Norm Abrams on the *New Yankee Workshop* (he's what every Real Man aspires to be around the house—even if we can't figure out what the hell a "dado" is), cut over to Justin Wilson on *Louisiana Cookin'* (Real Man? In his own words, "I gar-ron-tee it"), then do a risky triple axel around the dial to *Wild Kingdom's* Jim Fowler and finally shoot right through the cultural pipeline to catch Bob Vila, star of the seminal version of *This Old House*. Real Men miss Bob. They dream of visiting him at home while he's cooking breakfast and tapping him on the shoulder: "Hey, Bob, what're you doing there?"

"Makin' eggs."

"Hmmm. Looks interesting. Mind if I try?"

A FEW NOTES ON MUSIC

As every Real Man knows, you can't spackle, paint, sandblast, top out a skyscraper, pour cement, drive, operate heavy machinery, have sex or put in a decent set of shocks without the proper musical accompaniment.

Real Men will listen to anything by the Boss, the Chairman, the Count, the Queen of Soul, Queen Latifah, Prince, Duke Ellington, the Hardest-Working Man in Show Business, the Man in the Black Hat, Roy Orbison and all of the Kings: Nat, Ben E. and Elvis.

And although no one's exactly sure why so many corporate and aristocratic titles have been assumed by musicians, it may have something to do with the Real Man's basic rules of nomenclature: Never play poker with a guy named Doc, never pick a fight with somebody named Tiny and never, ever, hire a band fronted by a guy named Moose.

Real Men own CD players—but they miss the album covers and still buy all their music on cassette.

Real Men would like to hear more new music but can't seem to find radio stations that play any. Real Men refuse to believe anybody actually calls up and

(concluded on page 138)

REAL MEN (continued from page 68)

"Real Men still keep waiting for a band to be named either Republican Guard or Severe Tire Damage."

asks to hear *Muskrat Love*. Real men fear riding down the highway one day and punching in K-SAFE Radio: "All Phil Collins, all Whitney Houston, all the time."

Real Men love all the old Motown, doo-wop, blues and rock-and-roll songs that evoke specially cherished memo-

ries—like the first time they had sex (with a partner) or the first night they got blindingly stupid drunk. (These two are often one in the same.) But Real Men wince every time one of those old songs is co-opted for a bank, car or credit-card commercial.

Real Men admire all the Real Men

rock-and-rollers who have managed to age gracefully: Van Morrison, Clapton, Harrison, Cocker, Dylan, Ry Cooder, the Grateful Dead and (honorable mention) James Taylor. (Plus Keith Richards, a man who stands in living defiance of most actuarial tables.)

So what don't Real Men listen to?

George Michael complaining about being famous, rock stars lecturing about politics, Madonna revealing still more about her life (thank you, but we've all heard enough) and Michael Bolton, period. Mr. Emotion? The King of Pain? Can you imagine the way this guy asks—pleads—begs—cries—aches—moans for a cup of coffee in the morning? Just try to picture him asking for a second mortgage.

Not a pretty sight.

Among musicians, Real Men don't sample.

Real Men aren't into glam rock. And if you have to ask, don't worry: You're already a Real Man. On the other hand, Real Men do enjoy heavy metal. Real Men appreciate anything that can drown out a 747 at full power. But they still keep waiting for a band to be named either Republican Guard or Severe Tire Damage.

THE REAL MAN'S UNIFIED THEORY OF THE COSMOS

For aeons, Real Men have looked to the skies for answers.

How did it start?

How did we get here?

Why are we stuck in this traffic jam?

Quarks, black holes, supernovas, strings, the weak force, redshifts—we search the heavens for understanding.

Quantum mechanics, the space-time continuum, the big-bang theory, the uncertainty principle, the no-hair theorem, the thermodynamic arrow of time—we try to resolve our place in the universe.

Einstein, Newton, Darwin, Bohr, Hawking, Feynman, Rubbia, Van der Meer, Kirk—the greatest minds of their times have peered into the chaos looking for order.

Yet Real Men have always known the answer.

For in their heart of hearts, they've always perceived there's one guiding principle that governs everything from the galaxies to the planets to the fate of John Sununu and of Drexel Burnham going bankrupt:

"What goes around comes around."

THE REAL MAN'S GUIDE TO SAFE SEX

1. Wear a condom.
2. Marry young.
3. Marry wealthy.



"So I take it our basic disagreement is this: I think of myself as a damned attractive, highly productive individual within whom resides the possibility of greatness—and you see me as a horse's ass."



"Since my husband went into politics, all he cares about are votes."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHEL COMTE

she's smart.
she's funny.
she's outrageous.
sandra
bernhard
is

NOT
JUST
ANOTHER
PRETTY
FACE

HAIR BY KAREN FORD/WASH STATE SALON
MAKE UP BY CÉCILE FOR GLOUTIER
STYLING BY STÉPHANE BAUDINO FOR VISAGES STYLE LA
PRODUCTION STYLING BY FRANÇOIS MARCILLA



She could be the most outrageous performer of the Nineties: an exhibitionist, but not in the calculated way of her ex-gal pal Madonna; deliberately ambiguous in her sexual preferences; a woman of unconventional attitudes, unconventional appetites and unconventional beauty. In other words, a perfect subject—not, you'll note, object—for PLAYBOY. Still, talk-show host Arsenio Hall seemed surprised when Sandra Bernhard revealed on his show that she'd posed for the magazine. The time was right, she said: "My nipples are at their prime!" To create this pictorial, Sandra and photographer Michel Comte free-associated their way to the memorable images you see on these pages. Since nobody does Sandra better than Sandra, we'll let her explain.

text by SANDRA BERNHARD

HELLO, I am Sandra. Since you know me well, you can, if you wish, call me Sandi. Be careful! I could become, all at once, fresh, kicky, bright and oh, so pretty. If you refer to me as Sandi, for that is my sexy side, it reflects all those moments I enjoy inserting my diaphragm. If you close your eyes, you could just as well imagine me to be vintage Ali MacGraw, circa 1968. I'm also Candice Bergen, Julie Christie and Mary Tyler Moore in their primes. A WASP goddess bitch, cold as a ten-carat diamond just out of the vault. But a martini or two, a first-class ticket to anywhere on Sabena, a spin in your Vette and I'm bound to melt into your hands. I am in many ways the perfect woman, ready to serve you, service your every need and love you until you beg me to stop. I'm Sandi—the dream girl I grew up to be.

There are always glimpses, nuances, hints of Sandi, but I can't seem to hold her still for long. And that's where you come in, darling, in your narrow-lapeled Botany 500 suit, Countess Mara tie and Oleg Cassini shoes. You can't seem to hold me, either, and at times you're not even willing to try.

I can remember as if it were yesterday sitting in my brothers' bedroom, thumbing through those illustrious PLAYBOY pages, staring at the pendulous breasts, the neatly trimmed crotches, the innuendos, the dashing men who wore women like chic accessories draped around their shoulders. There were "stews,"



"I've always said that I love sleeping on a bed of gloves, as long as there are hands in them. That was before I tried a bed of twelve thousand roses." Of actors Udo Kier and Steve Antin, Sandi says: "I don't know what these guys were doing between my legs."

Misses Illinois, Alabama and Delaware, nurses, secretaries, coeds, debutantes, strippers and actresses—women seemingly devoid of any point of view, dying for romance and a swinging guy to drive them mad. I grew up on this stuff, longed to be it. All that the American dream was made of, I loved. I loved the women, the men, the tiny, eternally giggling girl balancing on the martini glass, the saggy-titted old broad in the cartoons: I wanted to be a part of it. Every inch of the jazzy, smoky, James Bond, Vegas-lounge, international sexcapade that was **PLAYBOY** in those days.

Enter the Nineties. It's my time to shine, to remind everybody about those great moments before Pan Am went belly-up, when civil rights had a dream, women always had hairdos, men wore suits, transcontinental service was gourmet, movies were films, Warren Beatty was sexy, funny was smart, a steak sounded delicious, Presidents were dashing. I want to resurrect those moments. Here I am, big, bold, naked and all turned on for you.

This sex-goddess stuff comes as second nature to me now. I love it! I feel great. When I feel confident, I look



"Do you think it was fun getting painted gold? . . . The make-up artist promised it would wash right off. It took five people to get me clean. . . . See this gorgeous broad? No, not me, we already know that I'm beautiful. . . . The other one."



like a million bucks. And damn it, I'm gonna hang out my wares while they're firm, fresh and fun to look at. Hell, when I get into my red Mazda Miata, throw that top down and blow kisses down Sherman Way, you'd best believe I get my pick of anybody I want. Why should I struggle out of my own skintight leather pants when there's always some cute guy who's dying to help me? I'm not asking for a commitment. It's just a fun, casual way to get to know each other.

I've done way too much work for the money they've paid me here. I mean, do you think it was fun getting painted gold? I did it for you because I know how much it takes to excite. You know I'll always go the distance. The make-up artist promised me it would wash right off. It took five people hosing me down to get me clean. But I'm not complaining; I never shower alone anymore.

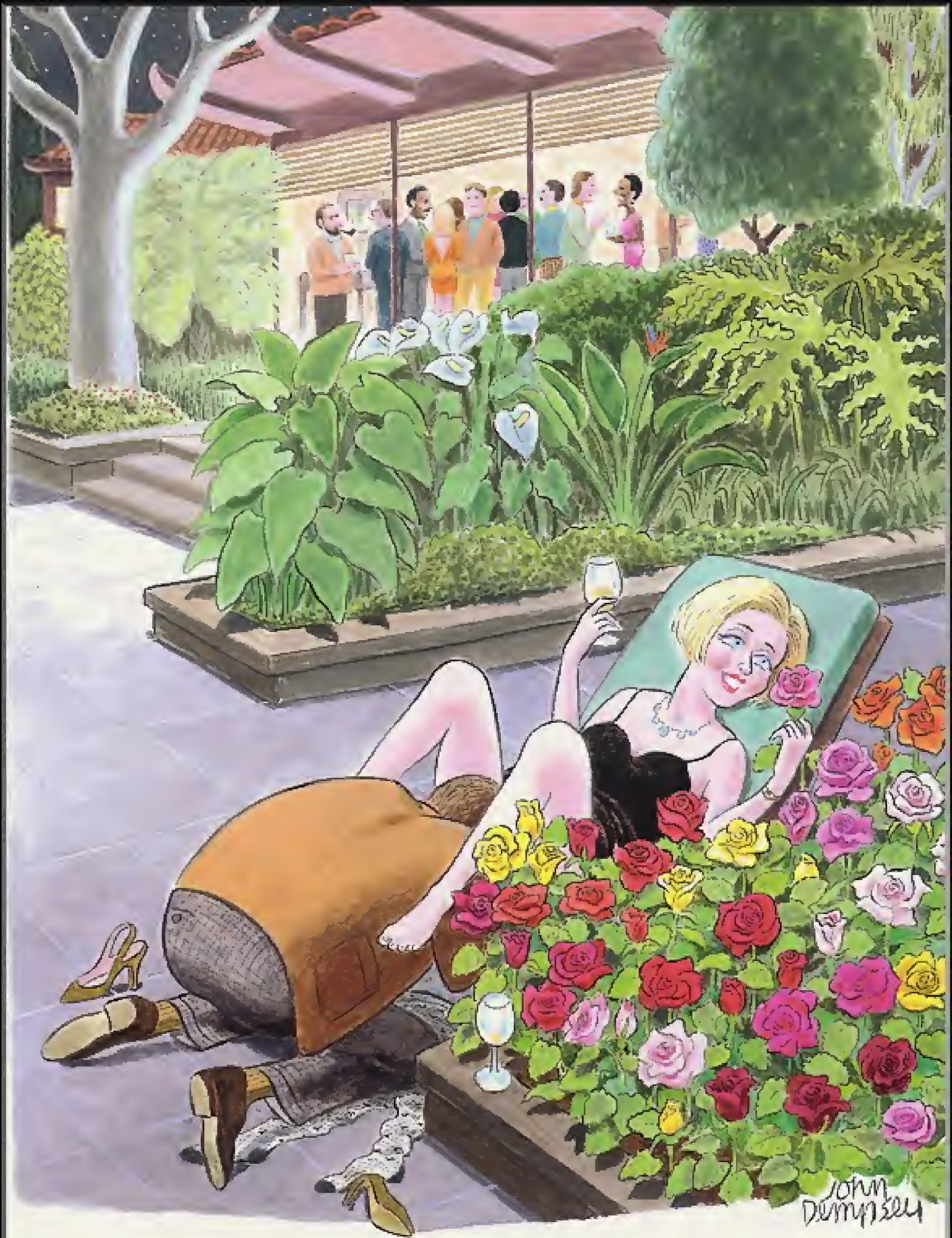
I've always said I love sleeping on a bed of gloves, as long as there are hands in them. That was before I tried a bed of 12,000 roses. Why change sheets when you can just throw the whole thing out? Matter of fact, I'm thinking of throwing out this story along with it. Where were we, darling? Oh, right, right, right. The roses.

Do you see this gorgeous broad? No, not me, we already know I'm beautiful—that's a given. The other one. She begged, pleaded, openly wept to pose with me. At first I snubbed her, then I slapped her and finally she had her way with me. I'm refusing all her calls. It's just a picture, honey. Relax!

I don't know what the hell the guys in these photos were doing between my legs, and frankly, I don't think they did, either. Is this too obscure for you? Sorry, it's my life, and you want the truth, don't you? Besides, I figured you were smart enough to see it for yourself. I've always been a straight shooter. That's why you come to me with your endless problems and why you trust me. Implicitly. (Love you. Kisses.)

All the great girls started out as Bunnies. Debbie Harry, Gloria Steinem, I don't know—all of them. So isn't it fitting that I should end up as one? To me, PLAYBOY is all about personal freedoms, and I don't mean Pantyliners. Now that I'm a Bunny myself, I feel that the circle is complete. Sophisticated Sandi has arrived!



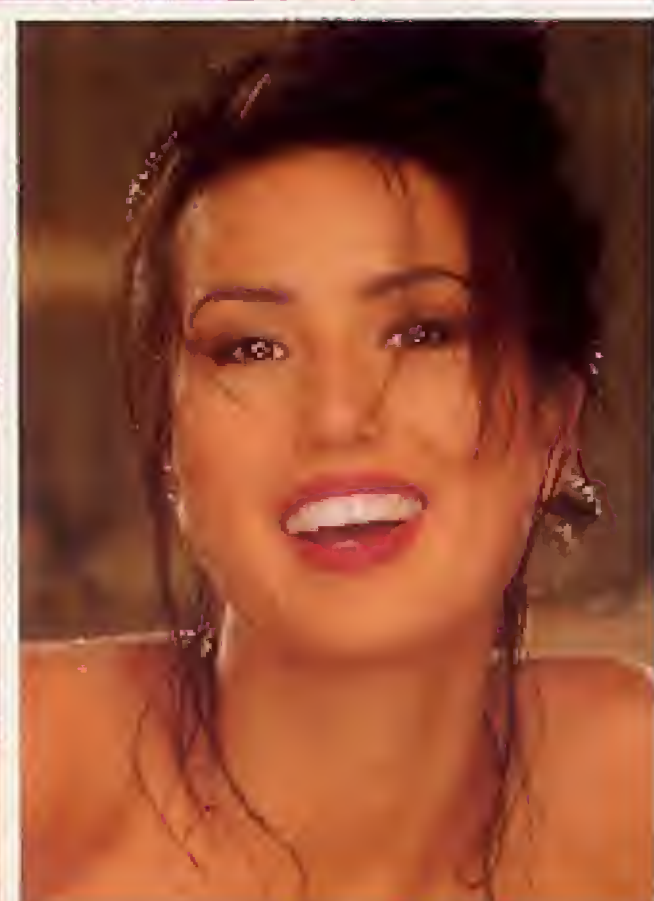
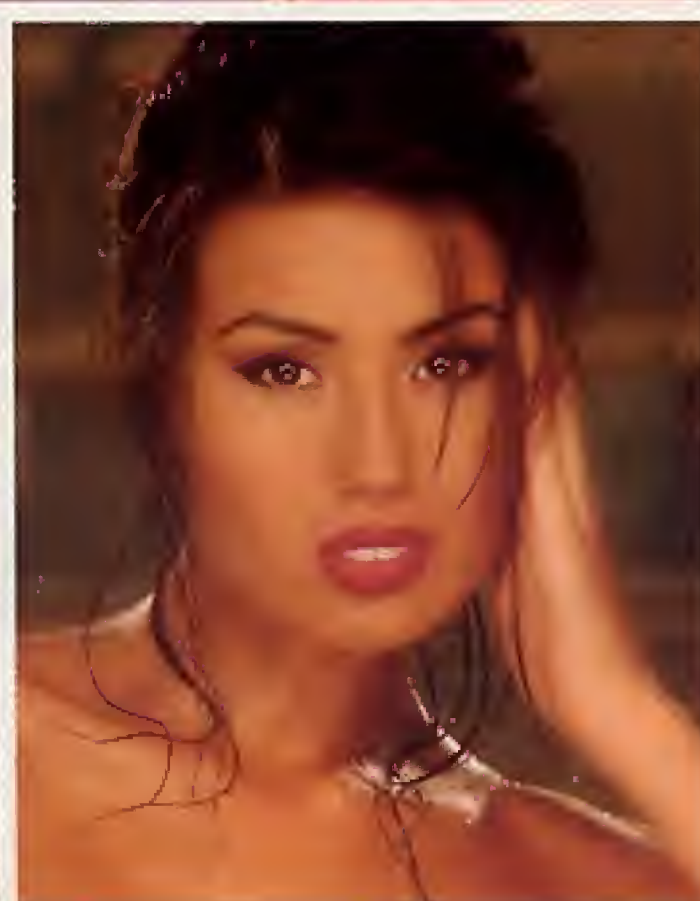


John
Dempsey

*"Isn't it wonderful, in our stressful lives, that we can take
the time, now and then, to smell the roses?"*



"Tell me, is this your first wet-T-shirt competition?"



SEOUL MATE

MORENA CORWIN, in Chicago to finish her Playmate shoot, was wearing faded blue jeans and a black leather motorcycle jacket over a skintight black ribbed sweater when we met her for coffee. As we strolled along Chicago's Magnificent Mile, a window display at the upscale Henri Bendel's department store caught her eye. "Can we stop in for just a quick look?" Morena asked. Yes, we promised—but later, after some conversation. Over cappuccino at the Third Coast, an artsy café, we learned that she'd been born in Seoul to a Korean mother and an American serviceman father. When she was just a year old, her family moved to tiny Fowlerville, Michigan. As the only Asian in grammar school there, she felt ostracized for looking so different. Her parents divorced and, when Morena was 12, her mother decamped with

korean-born
miss september
is a
world-class
shopper

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY





her four children to Orlando, Florida. Morena had to grow up quickly. "It was a pretty hard life when we first got to Florida," Morena recalled. "Mom worked, so I'd come home from school and make dinner for my younger brother and sister and then read *Pippi Longstocking* out loud to put them to sleep." Orlando did have its advantages. "Being around other Asians—and members of other cultures in general—made me feel less like an outsider. I even started to think, Hey, maybe I'm not so goofy-looking." Coffee finished, Morena steered us straight back to Bendel's—and its lingerie department. Prompted by a display of silk lace teddies, we inquired what Miss September slept in. "Well, I certainly wouldn't wear *that* to bed," she answered, laughing. "Not if I wanted to get any sleep." Morena then offered up the information that, as undergarments go, she prefers garters and stockings to pantyhose. "It's something that an old boyfriend suggested," she said, "and now I think they just feel better." She met the boyfriend while working as a hostess in a restaurant in Jacksonville, Florida—her current home town. "But he was too bossy," she reported. "He's ancient history." We moved on to haute couture. As Morena turned this way and that, studying her reflection in the mirror, we asked what she thought was most attractive

A fan of things Asian, September Playmate Morena Corwin tours Chicago's Chinatown. "I want to earn enough in my new acting and modeling career," says Morena, "to take my mother to visit Korea—our homeland."









about herself. "Being Asian with full lips, definitely," Morena said. "I'm really proud of my heritage now. My great-great-grandfather was an emperor in Korea—there's even a statue of him in the province of Kangangwon-do. That's where my mother grew up." We moved on to Oak Street's boutiques. At Ultimo, as she flipped through racks of pricey clothes, Morena insisted that she's not interested in a wealthy celebrity as her boyfriend. "I wouldn't want somebody like Jack Nicholson, who went through girls like dominoes." Meeting Jack Nicholson may not be so far-fetched. We learned over dinner—we'd worked up an appetite after five hours of shopping, zero purchases—that Morena had just finished her first acting job: a small part in *Weekend at Bernie's II*. We asked where she saw herself in, say, three years. "Living in California, driving a convertible and making movies." And, we'd hasten to bet, shopping on Rodeo Drive.

When it comes to men, Morena has three criteria: that they're tall; no guys in polo shirts with collars that stick up; and the smile must be a bit loopy.



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Monica Corwin

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Morena Corwin

BUST: 34C WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 120 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: Oct. 24, 69 BIRTHPLACE: Seoul, Korea

AMBITIONS: To Act & Model, Stay focused on what I WANT, INVEST WISELY,

Be true to my virtues, To Always be, HAPPY, HEALTHY & IN LOVE

TURN-ONS: Relaxing & laughing on a Mountain of Pillows, Eating sweets,

Being sung to while having my back rubbed. OXKO

TURN-OFFS: PEOPLE WHO ARE ALL TALK, MEN who can't be trusted! No

Ambitions, Prejudice, Disrespect (X) YUCK

THINGS I WANT TO DO IN MY LIFE: Race Car driving, Walk on the

Moon, White-water Rafting & To PLAY PRO FOOTBALL.

FAVORITE READING MATERIAL: SEPT. PLAYBOY 1992 (11)

THE BIBLE & THE CAT IN THE HAT

MY DAILY SCHEDULE TWO YEARS FROM NOW: Waking up, having a

CUP OF COFFEE, looking over my weekly schedule, reviewing my script. Meeting my agent for lunch & discussing my upcoming projects.



"Not an Easy LEI"
(Doing the hula with my sister Cole.)



TROUBLE ALWAYS COMES
IN THREES. MY MOM
— MY SISTER & —
ME.



BUMMER
Another day at
the Beach!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I hope the next time we see each other, Mary, it will be at the hospital," the obstetrician said to his pregnant patient.

"What would happen if I went into labor and I started to deliver the baby before I could get to the hospital?" Mary nervously asked.

"No problem. Childbirth is a completely natural event," he assured her. "Just lie in the same position as when you conceived and let nature take its course."

"You mean one foot in the glove compartment and the other out the window?"



A blind man walked into a whorehouse, mistaking it for the church next door. Sensing a presence, he approached the madam and quietly said, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

"Well, honey," she said, "you tell me your sin and I'll tell you if it's original."

Why are there no blondes in cattle ranching? Because they can't keep their calves together.

The golfer had been playing badly, so he went to a psychiatrist who suggested he relax by playing a round without a ball. "Do everything you normally would, but use an imaginary ball," the shrink said.

The golfer tried it the next day. He stepped onto the first tee and imagined he hit a 260-yard drive. Then, walking the course, he imagined a fine approach shot to the green and a short putt for a birdie.

As he approached the 18th tee, he met another golfer who had seen the same psychiatrist and was also playing without a ball. They decided to play the last hole together and bet \$100 on the outcome.

The first golfer swung at his imaginary ball and announced that it had gone 280 yards right down the middle of the fairway. The second golfer matched his drive.

The first fellow then took out his five iron, took a swing and shouted, "Look at that shot! It went right over the pin and backspin brought it right back into the hole. I win!"

"No, you don't," the second golfer said. "You hit my ball."

The biggest, orneriest hombre in the West stomped into a saloon bellowing, "I'm big, I'm mean and I've got a cock the size of Texas!"

A wimpy guy standing at the bar timidly asked him his name. "Turner Brown," the giant grunted.

The wimp suddenly fainted dead away. When he revived, the big galoot hovered over him. "What ails you, boy? All's I said was my name is Turner Brown."

"Oh, *Turner Brown*! I thought you said, 'Turn around.'"

We recently heard of a worker who'd used up all his sick days, so he called in dead.

How're things going with you and Marge?" a friend asked Ken.

"Well, as usual, we couldn't agree," he replied. "She wanted a mink coat and I wanted a Porsche."

"What happened?"

"Actually, we compromised," Ken said with a goofy grin. "We bought the mink coat, but we keep it in the garage."



How many opossums does it take to have sex? Three: two to do it and one to watch for cars.

An American tourist went to Saint Peter's Square to witness the Pope's weekly blessing. She was able to find an unobstructed view but was soon surrounded by dozens of cooing pigeons. "Fuck off!" she yelled at the annoying birds.

The woman was mortified to see that a nun had overheard her outburst and was approaching her. "Signora, it is not necessary to do that," the sister told the red-faced visitor. "Just wave your arms about and they will fuck off by themselves."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



Interlandi

"Now, don't go telling people I'm 'good' . . . everybody will expect me to be 'good' every time."

The Wild Bunch

riding the range with the new breed of mountain bikes

modern living by **Matthew Childs**

YOU ARE at the top of a mountain. It's just after dawn and the sky is a pale orange. The road ahead looks like a lake frozen in mid-squall, its surface dappled with rocks. There are no tracks to make your passage easier. You lock your feet into the pedals and head down. The terrain blurs and your eyes water. This is mountain biking, and you are the new breed of mountain man. Eighteen years ago, a group of road-racing cyclists created the sport of mountain biking

by riding what they called "clunkers"—40-plus-pound bikes with a single gear—down fire trails in California's Marin County. The new sport required lots of bravado but relatively little effort—until it came time for the cyclists to ride their bikes back up. Necessity, as usual, mothered invention, and the tinkers who take their play seriously got in on the action. Between 1974 and 1981, mountain biking's gestation period, designs improved and gears were added, though only about 3000 bikes were sold. Then it dawned on some unknown cyclist that the fat-tired, tough-spirited mountain bike had another venue:

The wild bunch of mountain men pictured here are stockbrokers, artists, engineers and executives. On weekends, they participate in mountain-men rendezvous and celebrate 19th Century customs. Rear, left to right: Robert "Squeaky" Smeltzer, David Weidner, Michael Klein, A. V. Pacific and Joseph "Buck" Butkovich. Front, left to right: Max Lowery, Ted "Black Wolf" Muller and Douglas Lerner.

the potholes, broken glass and high curbs of the urban wilderness. It was far more suited to city riding than the fast yet fragile ten-speed road bike. With that vision in mind, two companies, Specialized and Univega, began to mass-produce mountain bikes. In the next six years, every bicycle manufacturer came out with its own version—many had entire lines—and most were ridden on city streets. The industry mushroomed; millions of mountain bikes were sold each year. And with popularity came demand for more sophistication. Despite the sturdy construction of the newer bikes, they did not always provide the most comfortable ride—especially for city pedalers used to urban comforts. So, in 1989, a number of companies began manufacturing bikes with shock-absorbing suspension systems, some patterned after motocross motorcycle designs. Overnight, weekday bicycle commuters became weekend mountain (text concluded on page 136)

Wild Bunch

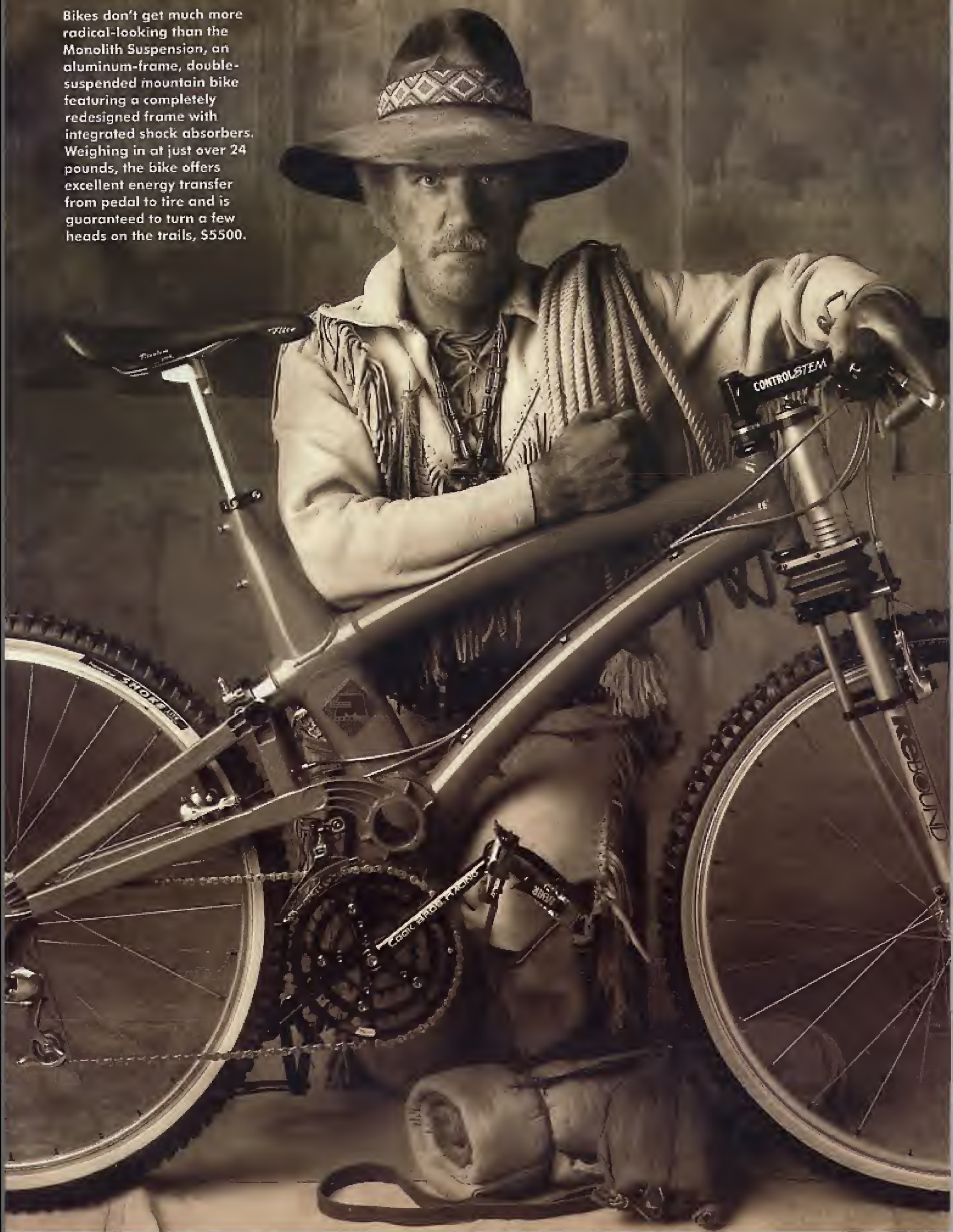
(continued from page 108)

men, maneuvering the eight-inch curbs of the city and the double diamond runs of ski areas with equal finesse. Today, the shopper looking for a mountain bike faces a multitude of options. There are front-suspended bikes and front-and-rear-suspended bikes, 21-pound carbon-fiber-framed bikes, 23-pound aluminum bikes and 18-pound titanium bikes. Each design and frame material has its individual style of ride and feel. When choosing one for yourself, here are some basic criteria to consider: First, even the most accomplished rider would have a hard time finding a good bike for under \$500. (Those pictured in this feature are ranked among the best and range from \$1060 to \$6500 as shown.) The type of terrain you'll be riding on most often is an important consideration: A nonsuspension bike is fine for rolling hills and well-maintained city streets, but a bike with at least a front-suspension fork is needed for extremely rocky trails and their urban equivalent. Furthermore, the best mountain bikes have 21 to 24 gears, enabling riders to cover just about any terrain. They also come equipped with *gruppos*, or packages of components, including derailleurs, gear shifters, brakes and hubs. In the lower prices, say under \$1000, look for a proven equipment group such as Shimano's Deore DX. Above \$1000, bikes come with three component groups that shed weight while adding durability. These are Suntour's Micro Drive and Shimano's XT and XTR groups. Two of the manufacturers here, Bridgestone and Fisher, take pride in mixing and matching different components and groups. Frames also grow lighter in this price category because of higher-quality double- and triple-butt steel tubing and the use of space-age materials such as carbon fiber, titanium or aluminum alloys. The higher-priced bikes usually come with clipless pedals as standard equipment; however, toe clips work fine for beginning riders—they are easier to get in and out of. While suspension systems add more weight and bulk, they also add an easier ride.

The mountain bikes shown here run the gamut from the classic Bridgestone MB-2 to the exotic, carbon-fiber, dual-suspended Fisher Alembic. In each case these bikes are the top of their class. Before riding anywhere, it is essential to buy a high-quality helmet that has been approved by the American National Standards Institute. Also, it's a good policy to carry an extra tire or inner tube with you on long rides. Enjoy the mountains, man.



Bikes don't get much more radical-looking than the Monolith Suspension, an aluminum-frame, double-suspended mountain bike featuring a completely redesigned frame with integrated shock absorbers. Weighing in at just over 24 pounds, the bike offers excellent energy transfer from pedal to tire and is guaranteed to turn a few heads on the trails, \$5500.





Part of Univega's professional line, the Team Shock-Blok is a bit stiff for beginning riders, but features such as Trispoke composite wheels, front and rear suspension and high-performance Suntour Micro Drive components make it a perfect choice for serious mountain men, about \$2500.

The designers at Specialized were given an unlimited budget to create the ultimate mountain bike. The result: S-Works Ultimate, a model critics have called "as perfect a bike as the human hand has yet constructed." With space-age composite-frame tubes and titanium lugs, it offers a responsiveness that's perfect for advanced riders—as well as for novices who don't mind dedicating a major portion of their time and budget to the sport, about \$6500.

Cannondale has developed the Cadillac of mountain bikes with its Delta V2000. The dual suspension and multibraced aluminum tubing of the frame softens all but the most extreme bumps. If you're planning on doing a lot of trail and off-road riding, the solid heft of this bike and its complete Shimano Deore XT component group will lend confidence to your explorations, \$2020.



The ne plus ultra of light bikes, the Dean Titanium weighs in at 21.4 pounds, making uphill climbs as close to enjoyable as possible—at least under your own pedal power. But make no mistake: Light in this case does not mean wimpy. When used as a construction material, titanium works as a built-in shock absorber, so you have the benefits of a suspension system without the added pounds, about \$3500.



Gary Fisher was one of the original riders who developed the sport of mountain biking, so it should come as no surprise that the Fisher Alembic is at the forefront (generations ahead, some would argue) of mountain-bike design. The Alembic's sculpted carbon-fiber frame, motocross-style rear suspension, front suspension and the not-to-be-found-elsewhere disk brakes are among the latest features for riders who want to cover new ground, about \$5000.



A good choice for beginning mountain bikers who want to progress quickly, the dual-suspended Trek 9500 with Shimano's XTR components combines good value and staying power. Its DDS3 suspension fork in front (designed with Showa, the Japanese suspension manufacturer that supplies Harley-Davidson) and no-nonsense shock absorber in the rear offer dependability, rideability and comfort with no maintenance problems, about \$2600.



Refusing to fall for the latest fads, Bridgestone's designers build bikes that rely on rider technique, not technology. The MB-2 offers the dependability and longevity of steel tubing and has been lauded by cyclists nationwide as the classic mountain bike for purists who want quality at a comparatively low price. The MB-2 sets the standard against which innovation is judged, about \$1060.

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

30TH

A N N I V E R S A R Y

FROM JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY WHO WAS ANYBODY, THREE DECADES OF QUOTABLE QUOTES

IT WAS 1962, and Hugh Hefner was thinking of a new feature for his eight-year-old *PLAYBOY* magazine. Sifting through unpublished material, editors obliged with a partial manuscript in which a fledgling journalist named Alex Haley had interviewed jazz trumpeter Miles Davis. The musician spoke less of blue notes than of discord between blacks and whites, and Hef found his words compelling. Haley was dispatched to question Davis further, and when the completed interview appeared in September 1962, it launched what would become an institution: the *Playboy Interview*. In the ensuing three decades, we have published "candid conversations" with more than 300 notable personalities—box office stars and batting champs, heads of state and assassins, scholars and scoundrels. Eminent journalists who have conducted them include Nat Hentoff, Kenneth Tynan, Tom Wicker, Alvin Toffler and Mike Wallace. In honor of this 30th anniversary, we've culled quotes from our archives—odd zingers, revelations and, on occasion, pretty lousy predictions.



I AM WHAT I AM . . .

"I'm a nymphomaniac of the heart."
—GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ, February 1983

"I am a spy of life."
—LECH WAŁESA, February 1982

"I am a mass of contradictions."
—BARBRA STREISAND, October 1977

"I am a mass of contradictions."
—RICHARD BURTON, September 1963

"I'm not homosexual."
—EDWARD KOCH, April 1982

"I'm not a Japan basher."
—LEE IACOCCA, January 1991

"I'm a megalomaniac."
—ROMAN POLANSKI, December 1971

"I'm a genetic mutant."
—DAN AYKROYD, May 1977

"I'm naturally throbbing."
—WOODY ALLEN, May 1967

PARALLEL LIVES

"I discovered masturbation to orgasm when I was about 13, and I was sure nobody else had ever done it."
—ERICA JONG, September 1975

"I had a patent on masturbation when I was 12. I thought I invented it."
—ROMAN POLANSKI, December 1971

"I drink for the honorable purpose of getting bagged."
—JACKIE GLEASON, December 1962

"I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniel's."
—FRANK SINATRA, February 1963



"When I was in junior high school, the teachers voted me the student most likely to end up in the electric chair."
—SYLVESTER STALLONE, September 1978

"Most of the class clowns in my high school are doing time now."
—DAVID LETTERMAN, October 1984

"Leona Helmsley is a truly evil human being."
—DONALD TRUMP, March 1990

"Donald Trump is a snake."
—LEONA HELMSLEY, November 1990

GOOD CALL

"The Soviet Union is going to have a human-rights explosion. You'll have hundreds of thousands of dissidents."

—ANDREW YOUNG, *July 1977*

"I don't believe in leaving anything to be inherited."

—ROBERT MAXWELL, *October 1991*

"If we burn ourselves out with drugs or alcohol, we won't have long to go in this business."

—JOHN BELUSHI, *May 1977*

"Who could follow Carson? Well, believe me, somebody can—and will."

—JOHNNY CARSON, *December 1967*

BAD CALL

"I don't need bodyguards."

—JIMMY HOFFA, *December 1975*

"The human race may well become extinct before the end of the century."

—BERTRAND RUSSELL, *March 1963*

"I'm not apt to be getting married in the near future and my lifestyle isn't apt to dramatically change as a result of any new relationship."

—HUGH HEFNER, *January 1974*

"I'll always stay connected with Apple."

—STEVEN JOBS, *February 1985*

"We are eliminating poverty in this country faster than any society ever."

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., *May 1970*



"I really do plan to get out of show business within five years or so."

—BILL COSBY, *May 1969*

"No national political party is going to nominate another right-wing candidate for a long time."

—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., *May 1966*

"I believe that all of us ought to retire relatively young."

—FIDEL CASTRO, *January 1967*

"After all these investigations, that's exactly what they're going to find out: This is a great department."

—DARYL GATES, *August 1991*

"Racism, pollution and the rest of it are themselves very close to extinction."

—R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER, *February 1972*

LUST AND BEYOND

"When I was 16 years old, I fucked Warren Beatty. Just like that. I did it because my girlfriends were so crazy about him, and so was my mother."

—CHER, *December 1988*

"The great American formula for sex is: a kiss on the lips, a hand on the breasts and a dive for the pelvis."

—DR. WILLIAM MASTERS, *November 1979*

"My reaction to porn films is as follows: After the first ten minutes, I want to go home and screw. After the first 20 minutes, I never want to screw again as long as I live."

—ERICA JONG, *September 1975*

"I've never been to an orgy, honestly. If I was invited to one, I'd be the guy they sent out for cold cuts."

—WOODY ALLEN, *May 1967*

"Giving head to your woman is dangerous because it gives the Devil introduction into the vagina."

—NORMAN MAILER, *January 1968*

"There's an unfortunate obsession in this country with mammary glands. No matter how fantastic a girl's breasts are, if that's all she's got, they just hang there like two worthless tits."

—RAQUEL WELCH, *January 1970*

"A man has a sense of detachment from his penis. He walks around with a stranger in his pants."

—GAY TALESE, *May 1980*

"I have nothing against homosexuals. You should fuck whoever the fuck you feel like fucking."

—EDDIE MURPHY, *February 1990*

"The censors say they're protecting the family unit in America, when the reality is, if you suck a tit, you're an X, but if you cut it off with a sword, you're a PG."

—JACK NICHOLSON, *April 1972*

"I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times."

—JIMMY CARTER, *November 1976*

"A young man called and said, 'Dr. Ruth, my girlfriend and I love each



other very much. We want to get married.' I said, 'Good. What's your problem?' He said, 'My girlfriend likes to toss fried onion rings on my erect penis.'"

—DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER, *January 1986*

"I'm sort of hot-blooded. That doesn't mean necessarily I'm promiscuous. It means I really enjoy sex."

—JOHN TRAVOLTA, *December 1978*

BLACK AND WHITE

"I'm not colorless—I'm black. It's not something I consciously think about. It just is. It's like having a dick. You don't think about having a dick. You just have one."

—WHOOPI GOLDBERG, *June 1987*

"I've never met a black nigger—so black he looks purple—that can talk and think. All the really black niggers are Uncle Toms or revolutionists, or they want to loaf, loot and rape."

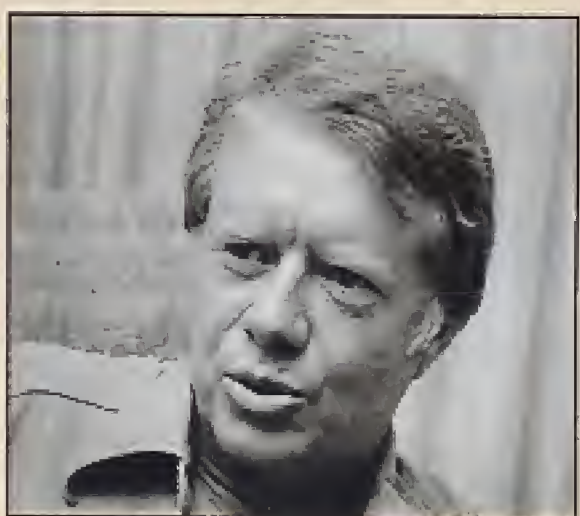
—GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL, *April 1966*

"I've never seen black men with fine white women. They be ugly. Mugly, dogs. And you always see white men with good-looking black women."

—SPIKE LEE, *July 1991*

"I don't feel guilty that five or ten generations ago these people were slaves. Now, I'm not condoning slavery. It's just a fact of life."

—JOHN WAYNE, *May 1971*



"Christ wasn't white. Christ was black."

—MALCOLM X, May 1963

"My fondest hope is that *Roots* may start black, white, brown, red, yellow people digging back for their own roots. Man, that would make me feel 90 feet tall."

—ALEX HALEY, January 1977

"Whites in this country have reacted to the demands of blacks only after disorder. Until Watts blew up, Los Angeles was not prepared to do much about it."

—WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, August 1968



"Our white brothers must be made to understand that nonviolence is a weapon fabricated of love. It is a sword that heals."

—MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., January 1965

HOLIER THAN THOU

"When lip service to some mysterious deity permits bestiality on Wednesday and absolution on Sunday—cash me out."

—FRANK SINATRA, February 1963

"I love gentiles. In fact, one of my favorite activities is Protestant spotting."

—MEL BROOKS, October 1966

"At the moment of climax, there is a oneness with you and your husband and God. When you come together, it's like when the church is brought up to meet Christ in the air."

—ANITA BRYANT, May 1978

"God is good when He gives us a grilled steak."

—ANTHONY BURGESS, September 1974

"Remember, Jesus was on Eighth Avenue with the prostitutes. He wasn't uptown or in Washington, D.C."

—MARTIN SCORSESE, April 1991

"I found Christ. I had a revelation while I was watching *Monday Night Football*."

—TERRY BRADSHAW, March 1980

KNOW THYSELF

"Look, man, all I am is a trumpet player."

—MILES DAVIS, September 1962

"Ain't never been another fighter like me. Ain't never been no *nothing* like me."

—CASSIUS CLAY, October 1964

"I'm sure if somebody were pointing a gun at me and I were standing there with a six-pack, I'd say, 'Care for one?'"

—CLINT EASTWOOD, February 1974

"Are there any writers on the literary scene whom I consider truly great? Yes: Truman Capote."

—TRUMAN CAPOTE, March 1968

"How long can you be cute?"

—GOLDIE HAWN, January 1985

"If I were courageous, I would have killed Qaddafi when I interviewed him."

—ORIANA FALLACI, November 1981

"I'm a very oral person. I like licking a lot. I also like barking."

—ERICA JONG, September 1975

"I must admit, it would be nice if I had a few more exciting personal qualities than I do."

—GEORGE MCGOVERN, August 1971

"Not one man has ever told me I'm beautiful—in my entire life. I think that's what's made me the aggressive wreck I am today."

—JOAN RIVERS, November 1986

WHO KNEW?

"I'd like to be a song and dance man."

—WALTER CRONKITE, June 1973

"I've always wanted to be Brigitte Bardot."

—BOB DYLAN, March 1966

AFFAIRS OF STATE

"Sometimes even powerlessness has a power of its own. Who is it who took India? Some guy in his underwear."

—JERRY BROWN, April 1976

"Big nations are like chickens. They like to make big noises, but very often it is no more than squabbling."

—DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, December 1963

"The popular view of Eisenhower among educated Eastern people was that he was a boob."

—PAT MOYNIHAN, March 1977

"Ford is a fucking bimbo. Even in that famous picture of him making his own breakfast, he was marmalading the wrong side of his English muffin."

—ABBIE HOFFMAN, May 1976

"This country has been strip-mined by rich and powerful interests. If you don't like what they're doing, don't just sit there. Vote them out."

—RALPH NADER, June 1992

"Bush is into the Contra business up to his eyeballs."

—GORE VIDAL, December 1987

EXIT LINES

"Death comes along like a gas bill one can't pay."

—ANTHONY BURGESS, September 1974

"If I die tonight and you wake up tomorrow, don't send flowers. Don't come around with your tears. Picket. Go to PTA meetings. Fight for higher wages. Make the most of it."

—JESSE JACKSON, November 1969

"I had a dream that Connie Chung is doing a newscast about my death and they show a clip from *Soap*."

—BILLY CRYSTAL, March 1988

"I shall never cease to be sensual—even on my deathbed. If the doctor is young and handsome, I shall draw him into my arms."

—TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, April 1973

WORDS OF WISDOM

"The most repulsive thing you could ever imagine is the inside of a camel's mouth. That and watching a girl eat octopus or squid."

—MARLON BRANDO, January 1979

"I know that if you leave dishes in the sink, they get sticky and hard to wash the next day."

—ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, January 1988



"When in doubt, go for the dick joke."

—ROBIN WILLIAMS, January 1992



"When I leave this enchanted forest, I'll forget all about what, little man?"



FLY GIRLS

forget the window seat. the best view is from the aisle

SHE DRAPES a blanket over you. You begin to nod off. You hear, through that special fog of travel fatigue, "Place it over your nose and mouth and breathe normally." You start to dream, with that voice seductively leading you off, because you know you are in good hands. The flight attendant, after all, has inspired more male fantasies than any other post-industrial worker. Part of this is because of her position: She is in front of 250 people, all facing in the same direction. This does not often happen in nature. Flight attendants are well dressed, highly competent, often extremely attractive women who also seem to be in really good moods. They are never, never, never afraid of flying. This is a winning combination. This is a sexy combination. When a flight attendant walks into a roomful of men who are prone to fall in love, you hear a lot of hearts hit the floor. Flight attendants also live lives that are much more



interesting than the rest of ours. They can drink café au lait in Paris in the morning, walk their way across the Atlantic at 35,000 feet and still catch a Bulls home game that evening. They also have the flight-hardened social skills to make all that competence seem, well, less daunting. Trouble is, when you find a flight attendant who captures your heart, chances are you'll never see her again. It was with that in mind that we thought to give you these second looks. An entire new generation of flight attendants has earned wings since the last time we featured them in a PLAYBOY pictorial (*Perfect Attendants*, May 1980). Figuring it was time to catch up, we dispatched Associate Photographer Steve Conway and Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to see if our nation's skies were as friendly as ever. Good news, as you'll see here: They are.

Attention passengers, your flight is now boarding. Greeting us on the tarmac (opposite, from left) are heavenly hostesses Kathi Tucker, Vicki Anderson and Reneé Turner. We'll have stopovers with Vicki and Reneé later. As for Kathi (also pictured above in a decidedly more down-to-earth fashion), she has logged quite a few miles since her birth in Ketchikan, Alaska. One of ten semifinalists in the 1983 Miss USA contest, she spent four years as a professional football cheerleader. Kathi has also impersonated Barbie dolls during toy-department promotions for Seattle-area stores; at home she devotes quality time to her "two beautiful children."



Here's Vicki Anderson again (strutting her stuff at left, on the move above). This frequent flyer from Missouri apparently has a thing for turbulence: In addition to braving the aisles of commercial jets, she enjoys bungee jumping and skydiving as part of her regular thrill-seeking routine. How will she continue to finance these expensive hobbies? "I'll make a million or marry a million." Texan Holly Martin (below and right) gave some of our troops a lift when she flew them to Saudi Arabia during Operation Desert Storm. However, she may eventually trade in airplanes for airwaves as she pursues her dream of becoming a veejay for MTV. Stay tuned.









You're more likely to spot Lisa Gilbert (left) Rollerblading or water-skiing at the beach than cruising the skies at 30,000 feet. That's because the Florida native can't get enough of warm and exotic climes. Also hooked on toning up and trips to the gym, she's on the lookout for "athletic men with broad shoulders who are romantic and sensitive." Elizabeth Olson (in and out of uniform, above and right) shares Lisa's passion for the physical. She's a self-confessed racquetball enthusiast and football (Miami Hurricanes and Dallas Cowboys) fanatic. A beauty-pageant finalist and a graduate of the University of Miami, Elizabeth is combining her business savvy, design sense and love of the gridiron to sell her custom-crafted football-player earrings, then hopes to use the cash to put a down payment on a Ferrari. That's Renee Turner again (on call, below right, and off-duty, below). A former beautician from Texas who now lives in Pennsylvania, Renee likes leaving the cabin for less pressurized activities: cooking, camping and jogging.



Another Texan, Tina Heidrich (below), may look as if she has plenty of time to burn, but don't keep her waiting or lose your way in traffic: She can't stand people who are chronically late or "ignorant drivers." When she doesn't have her head in the clouds, her feet are firmly planted in her garden. Ruth Ice (opposite) has abandoned her in-flight career for one in which she can tell pilots just where to go (right). She's a customer service and operations rep at an Indiana airport. Among friends, she'll cap a day of jet-skiing and volleyball with one of her famous theme parties.







Back to Dating

By Keith Robinson

DIVORCE FINAL? GETTING OVER A TRAGIC LOVE AFFAIR? COMING OUT OF A TEN-YEAR COMA? TIME TO START DATING AGAIN!

BUT BE AWARE - THE RULES HAVE ALL CHANGED!

WHERE TO MEET A DATE		
Place	PRO	CON
College	Intelligent, spirited young women	asking them out will violate some politically correct campus anti-gender bias rule and get your ass expelled
Work	Intelligent professional women	asking them out will violate some corporate sexual harassment policy and get your ass fired
Singles Bar	Tipsy women who seem to really like you	This is how every date-rape trial starts

NKR

To avoid potential problems, both men and women are opting for subtle and ambiguous signals until they are sure of mutual interest...

NICE PERFUME.

THANKS. IT'S "PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY."

A FAVORITE PLACE TO TEST THESE SIGNALS IS OVER LUNCH - CASUAL, NON-THREATENING

NICE TO GET OUT OF THE OFFICE.

YOU BET.

SO HOW'S YOUR SALAD?

GOOD. AND YOURS?

GREAT!

SHE DIDN'T GIVE ME ANY SIGNS OF REAL INTEREST.

YOU LIKE THE PASTA?

OH, IT'S FANTASTIC!

WELL, THIS WAS A NICE BREAK.

UH HUH. GUESS WE SHOULD GO BACK TO WORK.

I THINK HE'S GAY.

IF BY SOME MIRACLE YOU DO FIND YOURSELF ON A REAL DATE, YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT THIS IS THE ERA OF SAFE SEX.

YOU WANT TO AVOID PARTNERS IN HIGH-RISK GROUPS. YOU HAVE TO DISCUSS YOUR PAST. OF COURSE, TIMING IS ESSENTIAL...

MAYBE A LITTLE EARLY...

I THINK WE SHOULD BE OPEN ABOUT OUR PREVIOUS SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS...

I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU, CREEP!

MAYBE A LITTLE LATE...

FOR MOST OF THE EIGHTIES, I LIVED WITH A PUNK BAND IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. THAT WAS BEFORE I GOT INTO REHAB.

HUH? WELL, WHAT THE HELL.

IF YOU OVERCOME THESE OBSTACLES, YOU'LL HAVE THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE TO SHARE AND COMMUNICATE WITH...

THERE'S A NEW MERYL STREET FILM! AND 2 NEW SCHWARZENEGGER!

OK, WE CAN GO TO THAT ONE.

NO, NO. LET'S SEE THE STREEP MOVIE.

WE'RE GOING TO THE SCHWARZENEGGER.

LOOK, YOU WANT TO SEE THE STREEP! WE'LL SEE THE STREEP!

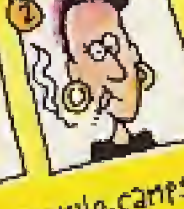
DON'T TELL ME WHAT I WANT, YOU EGOTISTICAL PIG!

SLAM

SCHWARZENEGGER IT IS!

BREAKUP QUIZ

MATCH THE TYPE OF WOMAN TO THE MOST LIKELY BREAKUP SCENARIO...



1. SHE GOES PSYCHO, CAMPS OUT ON YOUR DOORSTEP, SENDS THREATENING LETTERS, KILLS YOUR PETS
 2. SHE FALLS APART, STARTS DRINKING, LOSES HER JOB AND TREATING YOU LIKE ATILLA THE HUN
 3. SHE SEEMS OK WITH IT, THEN TELLS YOUR MOST INTIMATE AND EMBARRASSING SECRETS TO ALL YOUR MUTUAL FRIENDS
 4. SHE GOES ON TO A MORE FULFILLING, HAPPY RELATIONSHIP BEFORE YOU REALIZE YOU LOVE HER AND IT'S TOO LATE
- ANSWERS: 1-2, 3-4, 4-1, 1-3

OCCASIONALLY, THINGS JUST DON'T WORK OUT. BEST TO ESCAPE QUICKLY... BUT AGAIN, TIMING IS ESSENTIAL!

...HI, YEAH, UM, WHY DON'T WE GET TOGETHER TONIGHT AND, UM, TALK? OH, AND, OH, COULD YOU BRING ALONG MY SPRINGSTEEN ALBUM AND MY CAMERA AND ANYTHING ELSE I'VE LENT YOU? OH, NO REASON...

SO, REALLY, THE QUESTION IS: IS ALL THE TROUBLE WORTH IT?

EXCUSE ME, IS THIS YOUR AD: "BATMAN SEEKS HIS CATWOMAN FOR ACTION/ADVENTURE"?

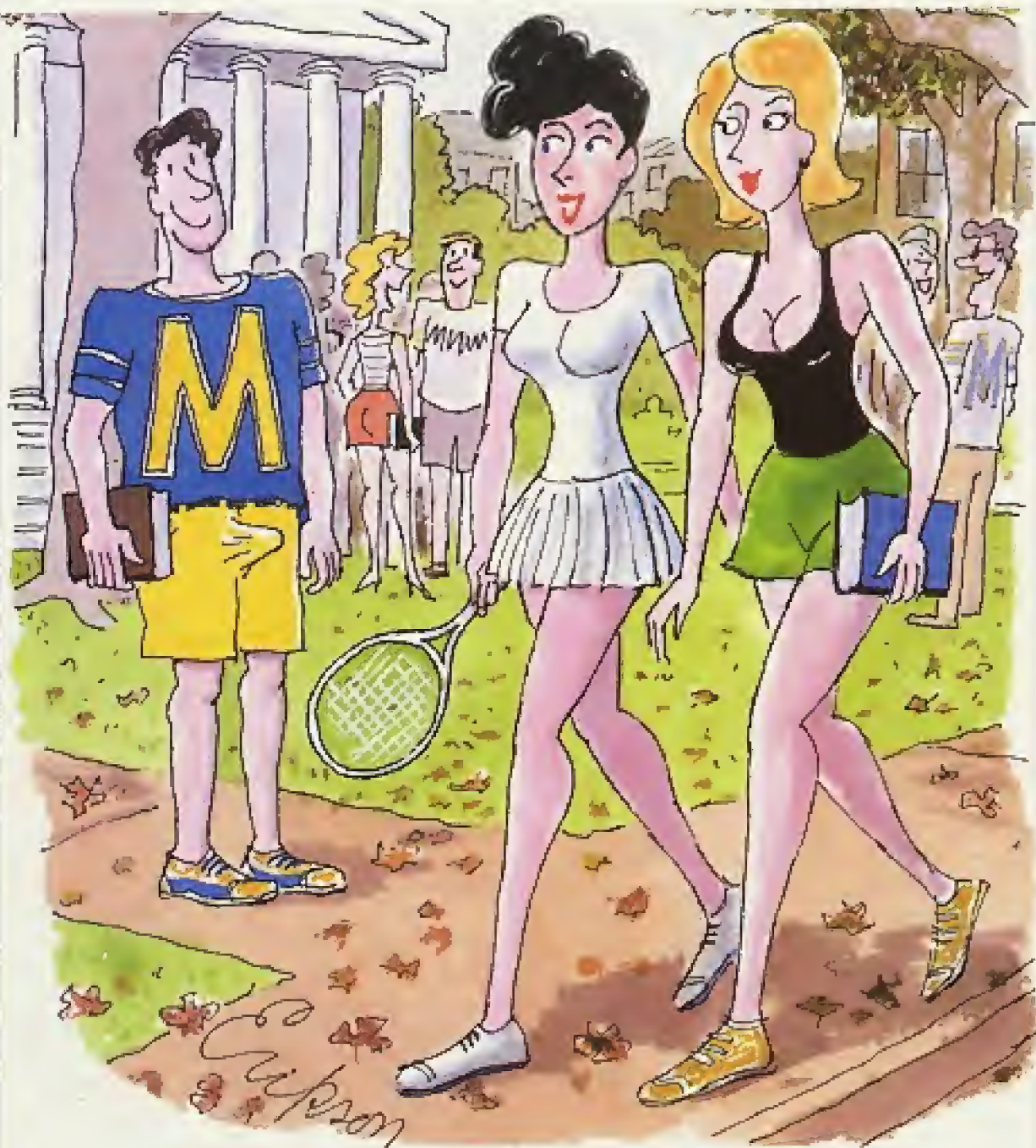
WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU.



“‘Froggy’ style, Mr. Fullerton? Pardon me; don’t you mean ‘doggy’ style?”



TOM HACHTMAN



"There's a lot of that going around."

GRAPEVINE

Sugar and Spice

Actress JOANNE VANCIO is our valentine. From the popular TV show *90210* in Beverly Hills to the movie *House Party II* to an accomplice on *Totally Hidden Video*, Joanne's one from the heart.



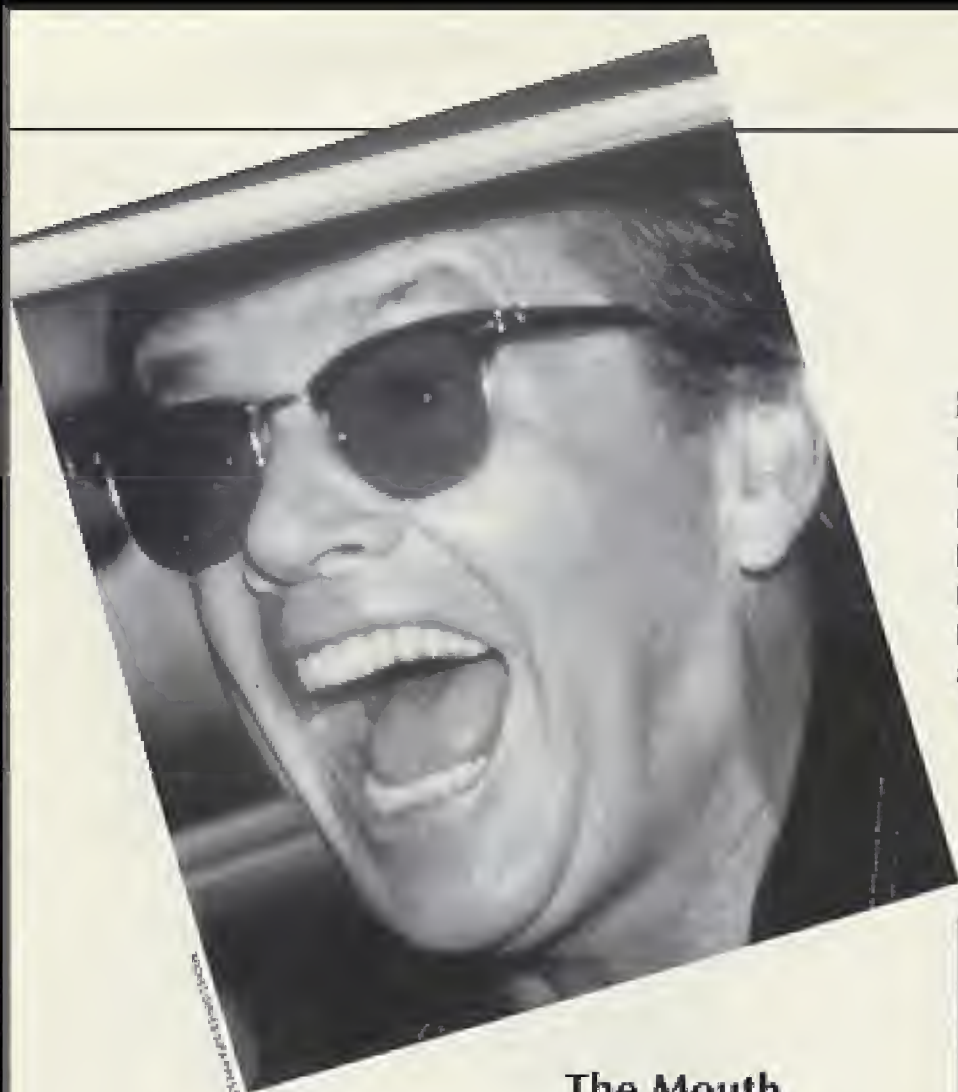
Zing Went His Harp Strings

Actor DUDLEY MOORE traded classical notes with Sir Georg Solti on TV while gearing up for his new movie, *Blame It on the Bellboy*. Dudley can go from the sublime to the ridiculous every time.



Color Them Hot

COLOR ME BADD owned the AM radio airwaves with *I Want to Sex You Up* and *I Adore Mi Amor*. The LP *C.M.B.* went double platinum. The U.S. tour is set to kick off. Badd is good.



The Mouth That Roared

In the heat of basketball season, just about any camera can catch JACK NICHOLSON with his mouth around a yell. You can catch Jack in *A Few Good Men* with Tom Cruise. Go Lakers.

Two of the Hottest Bills in Rock

Jane's Addiction lead muse PERRY FARRELL (left) and actor/rapper ICE-T went head to head on the successful Lollapalooza tour. See Farrell's video, *Gift*, and Ice-T's recent movie, *Ricochet*.



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Terri's Gone Hollywood

You won't be surprised that former Miss Nude Seattle TERRI MCCARTY has moved to L.A. to try her luck. We're not.



© ROBERT MATHIEU

More Is Less for Miss Hess

You can't go wrong in basic black. Starlet MICHELE HESS proves our point. You caught a glimpse of her in *Buckaroo Banzai*. Take a longer look now.



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NEXT MONTH



FLORIDA HEAT



LET'S SWING



WINTER BEERS



LOVELY LISA

"THE DRUG WAR: VOICES FROM THE STREET"—WHILE THE NATION O.D.S ON WASHINGTON'S MINDLESS DRUG-WAR BLATHER, LISTEN TO SOME STRONG STUFF FROM THE BATTLEFIELD—A GRITTY BOOK EXCERPT BY **WILLIAM TRIPLETT** AND **TIM WELLS**

WE SHOWCASE EIGHT SEXY DEBUTANTES IN *PLAYBOY*'S VERSION OF COMING OUT—PHOTOS BY **GEORGE CARROLL WHIPPLE III**, WITH TEXT BY **LANG PHIPPS**

FOREST WHITAKER, THE BIGGEST YOUNG ACTOR IN AMERICA, TELLS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ALL THE RAGE IN CANNES AND REVEALS SOME AROUSING DETAILS ABOUT PLAYING **ROBIN GIVENS'** SEX PARTNER IN *A RAGE IN HARLEM* IN A STIMULATING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLAYBOY TOASTS THE ARTISTIC VISION OF PHOTOGRAPHER **BRUCE WEBER** AS HE EXPLORES THE OUTDOORS WITH FREE-SPIRITED ACTRESS/MODEL **LISA MARIE**

"VENGEANCE FROM SPACE AND THE TEXAS TOMATO"—WHEN A HACKER ACCIDENTALLY TIES INTO A MILITARY SPY BIRD, HE CAN'T HELP BUT ZOOM IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK AT HIS WIFE . . . AND HER LOVER—FICTION BY **MICHAEL BERES**

LORNE MICHAELS, *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* PRODUCER AND THE GODFATHER OF HIP TV COMEDY, REMEMBERS THE EARLY DAYS WITH **GILDA**, **JOHN**, **CHEVY** AND **DAN**, AND WHY HE BUMPED **STEVE MARTIN**. AN EXCLUSIVE PEEK AT THE SHOW AND CASTS THAT CHANGED TV IN A LIVE **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"BONEHEAD QUOTES OF THE YEAR"—YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE INCREDIBLE THINGS MOUTHED BY **PRESIDENT BUSH**, **DON KING**, **JULIA ROBERTS** AND OTHERS

"VOX"—A MAN AND A WOMAN CONNECT, CARNALLY, OVER THE PHONE—FICTION BY **NICHOLSON BAKER**

"THE CREEP, THE COP, HIS WIFE AND HER LOVERS"—RIGHT-WING HYPOCRITES, A DEPUTY IN THE CLOSET, A HOUSEWIFE TURNING TRICKS—JUST ANOTHER DAY IN FORT LAUDERDALE—BY **PAT JORDAN**

PLUS: **"PLAYBOY'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK, PART IV,"** THE EXCITING ADVENT OF BIG BANDS AND SWING, BY **DAVID STANDISH**; **"FIFTEEN WAYS TO WEAR KHAKI,"** FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; A TASTE OF WINTER BEERS, BY **MICHAEL JACKSON**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE